Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By shedding of thy bloud, I doe protest,
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
*Par:* I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
*Rom:* What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

*They fight.*

*Boy:* O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
*Par:* Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet.*
*Rom:* Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
*Mercutio* kinsman, noble County *Paris?*
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past along.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue maried
*Iuliet?* eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet,*
How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift; thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*



*Enter Fryer With a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?
*Man.* A frend and one that knowes you well.
*Fr:* Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
*Man* It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
*Man: Romeo.*
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
*Man:* Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
*Man:* I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

*Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

*Iuliet riseth.*

The Lady stirres.